

Personal.

And You Know?

Do you know why the nightingale's song is so sweet? It is because it is as close as the air as he floats to the ear.

Do you know why he has heard thy voice, my sweet, Thy voice—that is why.

Would you know why the rose that I plucked for thee, Is richer by far than the rest? 'Tis because it lies close—close, my sweet.

To thy warm, white breast.

Would you know why I thrill as the nightingale does, And long for the joy of the rose? 'Tis because—ah, sweet, will you guess it by this?

'Tis because—ask the rose!

—Sherwood Vane in *Madame*, for October, Society at Hot Springs, Va.

October is to be a fashionable month at Hot Springs, Va., for the Duke of Newcastle is looked to arrive there today. Mr. and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Bloodgood, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Leeds and Mr. James Hobart Moore, with his horses, have already arrived. Mr. James J. Van Allen has taken a cottage for October, and it is expected that his presence will do a good deal towards enlivening the already gay circle of Hot Springs cottagers.

Senior and Seniors, of Spain, have been honored by the Smart Set at the Springs for the last week. The distinguished Spaniards, are handsome, well groomed and well mannered, and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Linder Dunn, of Washington, who have been during the summer at their country home near the Hot, and whose daughter, Miss Elizabeth Dunn, is one of the prettiest young girls in the Springs.

Madame Britton and Miss Celeste Britton, of New Orleans, are among the fashionable leaders from that city. It is said that Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish will be at the Hot about the middle of October.

Mrs. Melville E. Ingalls gave a tea party on the club house lawn Thursday afternoon for Mrs. Nicholas Anderson, of Washington.

Graves—Pollard.

An unusually pretty wedding was celebrated in Clover Baptist Church Tuesday evening, when Miss F. S. Pollard became the bride of Mr. Thomas C. Graves, of Hurt, Va.

The color scheme in decoration was green and white, the church being elaborately adorned with palms and ferns. The bride entered with her cousin, Mr. F. W. Wolz, of Atlanta, Ga., who gave her away.

She was met at the altar by the groom with his best man, Mr. H. C. Pollard, of Elton, Clifton, N. C., a brother of the bride. Miss Florence Pollard, her sister, maid of honor.

The bride was handsomely gowned in satin of white, wearing a chain of pearls and carried a shower bouquet of roses. The maid of honor wore a gown of green and carried a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaids were attired in green and carried ferns. They were Misses Josephine Graves, of Hurt, Miss Mason, of Kew, Va., Misses of Clover, of Hurt, Va., and Misses of Hurt, Va. The ushers were Messrs. J. S. Mason, of Clover; Messrs. H. R. Mason, of Hurt, Va.; E. S. Martin, of Clover; Ira Pollard, of Clover; Jesse Worsham, of Hurt, and Paul Brown, of Danville, Va.

An informal reception was tendered the wedding party, after the ceremony, and about 2 o'clock the bridal party was driven to the station and left for an extended Northern tour. The couple will reside in Pittsylvania county, where the bride is established in business.

Those who attended the wedding from out-of-town were: Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Mason, of Greenville, S. C.; Mrs. A. B. Ingram, of South Boston, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Walden, of Greenville, S. C.; Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Gray, of Richmond, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Hill, of Greenville, S. C.; Misses R. B. N. P. Lynchburg; Misses F. R. of Richmond; Misses S. S. of Charlotte county; Mr. Jerry Berry Graves, of Hurt, Va.; and Mrs. Mary Gregory, of Chase City, Va.

Members Specially Invited.

Members of the First English Evangelical Lutheran Church are specially urged to attend the holy communion of the Lord's Supper to be held to-morrow at the church, on Seventh, between Broad and Grace Streets.

Personal Mention.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dillon and little son, Edward, of Fendleton, D. C., have returned from a week's stay at Virginia Beach. They are with Mrs. Dillon's aunt, Mrs. R. T. Hunter, at No. 215 East Franklin Street.

Miss Fannie Andrews and Mr. James Andrews have returned from a visit to friends at Woodside, in Amherst county.

The regular German to be given by the University of Virginia German Club will be held in the gymnasium of the university on October 7th. At a recent meeting of the club, the following officers were elected: Mr. R. P. Bell, president; Mr. Thomas Pinckney Bryan, of Richmond, vice-president; Mr. E. M. Daniel, secretary; and Mr. C. S. Brent and Mr. F. J. Jordan, advisory board.

Miss Gay Broadbent, of Sparta, Va., will spend the week in Richmond as a student at the Woman's College, this city.

Colonel Tazewell Elliott, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Blow at Belle Isle, their beautiful country home in Gloucester county, was given an oyster feast by his host and hostess.

"Lady Lightfoot," the famous Virginia nurse, has been sold by her owners, Messrs. Goodyear and Moore, to a new owner.

Cured to Stay Cured.

Mrs. S. T. Roberts, Clinton, La., sent a postal card request for a trial bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine to Drake Formica, 1111 Broadway, New York City. She writes that she has been cured of her trouble and that she is now well and happy.

Drake's Palmetto Wine cures every case of urinary troubles, whether it be a simple case of urinary troubles, or a case of urinary troubles of long standing.

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POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes each day for the refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.

—Professor Charles Eliot Norton.

No. 303.

Mary Magdalene at the Door of Simon the Pharisee.

By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

The portrait and biographical sketch of Rossetti, together with other selections from his writings, have already appeared in this series.



"WILL thou cast the roses from thy hair?
Nay, be thou all a rose—wreath, lips, and cheek;
Nay, not this house—that banquet house we seek.
See, how they kiss and enter; come thou there;
This delicate day of love we two will share.
'Till at our ear love's whispering night shall speak.
What, sweet one, hold'st thou still the foolish freak?
Nay, when I kiss thy feet they'll leave the stair."

"O, loose me! Seest thou not my bridegroom's face
That draws me to him? For his feet my kiss,
My hair, my tears He craves to-day; and, O!
What words can tell what other day and place
Shall see me clasp those blood stained feet of His?
He needs me, calls me, loves me; let me go."

This series began in The Times-Dispatch Sunday, October 11, 1903. One is published each day.

Mr. Williams Easton, of New York, who will exhibit her at the Madison Square Garden Show.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashby Jones and Ashby Jones, Jr., have returned to Gloucester, after a visit to the St. Louis Exposition.

Miss Beale Lawson, of South Boston, Va., has resumed her studies at the Woman's College.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Chandler, Jr., of Caroline county, will spend the winter in Richmond.

Miss Mary Witham will spend the winter in the family of Mr. T. M. Burton, near Elson, Va.

The annual election of officers in the Charlottesville Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, will be held at the October meeting, when the chapter will convene at the State convention in Petersburg will be Mrs. George W. Oliver, Mrs. R. H. Renshaw and Miss Josephine Cox.

Mr. Claude Wood, of Clifton Forge, reached Richmond this week to attend Richmond College.

Miss Lizzie Samuel has recently returned to Richmond from Sparta, Va.

The Charlottesville Progress says: "An effort is being made to insure the preservation of 'Monticello,' the Virginia building at the St. Louis Exposition, and to have it used as a memorial to Thomas Jefferson. The idea was brought to the notice of the commissioners by a suggestion in the speech made by Dr. Atkinson on Virginia. That a monument be erected in St. Louis to the sage of Monticello."

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Cox and daughter are visiting Mrs. Cox's parents, Hon. and Mrs. Marshall McCormick, at Berryville, Va. Dr. Cox is a surgeon in the United States Army, at present stationed in Massachusetts.

Mrs. Charles G. Elliott, Misses Doyle, Mrs. W. W. Hunter, Mrs. R. L. Payne and Miss Mary Leigh, are delegates from the Palmetto-Buena Vista Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, in Norfolk, Va., to the St. Louis Exposition.

Mrs. Carl von Mayhoff will go from Monticello to St. Louis next week. While visiting the exposition, she will stop at the Buckingham Club.

Mrs. Louis McCoy Nulton, who has been for several months at her old home in Winchester, Va., has rejoined her husband, Lieutenant Nulton, of the United States Navy, in Baltimore.

Colonel George Wayne Anderson has returned from being the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson Chisholm, in Charlottesville, Va.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams and Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan will come to Westmoreland county, Va., in October, to visit.

CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT. YOU WILL WANT TO READ THIS STORY LATER, IF NOT NOW.

THE WHITE COMPANY

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

On entering the room the clerk looked round; but, seeing no one, he continued to stand, his cap in his hand, examining with the greatest interest a chamber which was so different to any to which he was accustomed. The days had gone by when a nobleman's hall was but a bare-like, rush-strewn enclosure, the common lounge and eating-room of every inmate of the castle. The Crusaders had brought back with them experiences of domestic luxuries, of Damascus carpets and rugs of Aleppo, which made them impatient of the hideous bareness and want of privacy which they found in their ancestral strongholds. Still stronger, however, had been the influence of the great French wars; for, however well matched the nations might be in a martial contest, there could be no question but that our neighbors were infinitely superior to us in the arts of peace. A stream of returning knights, of wounded soldiers, and of unarmored French noblemen, had been for a quarter of a century continually pouring into England, every one of whom exerted an influence in the direction of greater domestic refinement, while shipments of French furniture from Calais, Rouen, and other plundered towns, had supplied our own artisans with models on which to shape their work. Hence, in most English castles, and in Castle Twynham among the rest, chambers were to be found which would seem to be not wanting either in beauty or in comfort.

In the great stone fireplace a log fire was sparkling and crackling, throwing out a ruddy glare which, with the four brackets which stood at each corner of the room, gave a bright and lightsome air to the whole apartment. Above was a wreath-work of bay leaves, and a tall and stately young lady swept out from behind the carved and corbelled oak door, while on either side stood the high canopied chairs placed for the master of the house and for his most honored guest. The walls were hung all round with most elaborate and brightly colored tapestry, representing the adventures of Sir Bevis of Hampton, and behind this convenient screen were stored the tables dormant and benches which would be needed for banquet or high festivity. The floor was of polished tiles, with a central and a cornered carpet of red and black diapered Flemish carpet in the center; and many settees, cushions, folding chairs, and carved benches littered all over it. At the further end

was a long black buffet or dresser, thickly covered with gold cups, silver salvers and other such valuables. All this Alleyne examined with curious eyes; but most interesting of all to him was a small ebony table at his very side, on which, by the side of a chess-board and the scattered chessmen, lay an open manuscript, written in a right clerical hand, and set forth with brave flourishes and devices along the margins. In vain Alleyne bethought him of where he was, and of those laws of good breeding and decorum which should restrain him from those colored capitals and black even lines drew his hand down to them, as the loadstone draws the needle, until, almost before he knew it, he was standing with the romance of Garin de Montaigne before his eyes, so absorbed in the contents as to be completely oblivious both of where he was and why he had come there.

He was brought back to himself, however, by a sudden little ripple of quick feminine laughter. Agast, he dropped the manuscript among the chessmen and stared in bewilderment round the room. It was as empty and as still as ever. Again he stretched his hand out to the romance, and again came that restless buzz of morriment. He looked up at the ceiling, back at the closed door, and round at the stiff folds of motionless tapestry. Of a sudden, however, he caught a quick shimmer from the corner of a high-backed banquette in front of him, and, shifting a pace or two to the side, saw a white slender hand, which held a mirror of polished silver in such a way that the concealed observer could see without being seen. He stood irresolute, uncertain whether to advance or to take no notice; but, even as he hesitated, the mirror was whipped in, and a tall and stately young lady swept out from behind the carved and corbelled oak door, while on either side stood the high canopied chairs placed for the master of the house and for his most honored guest. The walls were hung all round with most elaborate and brightly colored tapestry, representing the adventures of Sir Bevis of Hampton, and behind this convenient screen were stored the tables dormant and benches which would be needed for banquet or high festivity. The floor was of polished tiles, with a central and a cornered carpet of red and black diapered Flemish carpet in the center; and many settees, cushions, folding chairs, and carved benches littered all over it. At the further end

THE GREAT SOUTHWEST

Norfolk and Western Thoroughly Identified With Its Development.

VERY COSTLY TUNNEL WORK

Still Much Talk About the Tidewater Railroad—The Rye Valley Road.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 30.—The correspondent who travels through the Ninth District in search of political information, and on the lookout for pointers as to the drift of political sentiment in the Southwest, cannot fail to see and hear more indicative of the development of that section and the prosperity of the people than of their political predilections. In many counties which I visited in Southwest Virginia last week there was great interest manifested in the outcome of the contest between Wyser and Slomp for the seat in Congress from the Ninth District, but the voters have not allowed their enthusiasm to get the better of business. Attention to the material development of the country never wanes in the Southwest, no matter how great be the temptation in other fields.

There is no railway corporation in the United States so thoroughly identified with the development of any section of country, perhaps, as is the Norfolk and Western with the Southwest. Virginia's growth. The railway first made possible the exploitation of the great resources of the country, and the development of the riches of the counties through which it passes has kept pace with the extension of its lines, and the improvement of its facilities for handling the traffic originated along its tracks. It is also true that the development of the country has made the little Norfolk and Western of earlier days one of the great railway systems of the country. If the railway company to benefit the shippers are benefited, the Southwest has also done much for the railway company. It is more or less of a stand-off. The railway company and the people interested in the development of the country appear to recognize the fact.

I have been struck repeatedly with the friendly feeling manifested by the shippers of Southwest Virginia towards the Norfolk and Western, and also by the readiness with which the railway company undertakes any movement calculated to benefit the territory through which the road runs. It is clearly apparent to the management of the road that a policy which increases the shipments from a certain territory along its lines benefits the transportation company in about the same proportion as the shippers are benefited. This should be plain to all railroad companies, but I have found several in Virginia who appear to have failed to recognize the principle.

Evidence of the prosperity of the Southwest, as well as the railway company, is manifested in the immense amount of work done by the railroad company in the past year in improving the roadbed and otherwise meeting the demands of increased traffic. Nearly the entire line from Roanoke to Bluefield was doubled, and it will be only a comparatively short time before the gaps are completed, though there are several tunnels on the line that are giving a great deal of trouble. In September, 1903, I was out at Pembroke, on the Norfolk and Western, in Giles county, and was much interested in the work then in progress on a tunnel being driven through the mountain at that point, for the purpose of giving room for a double track. When I was there last week the tunnel appeared no nearer completion than it was the year before. The formation encountered had been of the most difficult character. There have been repeated breaks and slides. Hundreds of thousands of cubic yards of rock and earth have been taken

sidelong look of mischief. "And I cannot marvel at it. Didst not look to see the distressed damsel again. Oh, that I were a minstrel, that I might put it into rhyme, with the whole romance—the luckless maid, the wicked woman, and the virtuous clerk! So might our fame have gone down together for all time, and you be numbered with Sir Percival or Sir Galahad, or all the other rescuers of oppressed ladies."

"What I did," said Alleyne, "was too small a thing for thanks; and yet I may say it without offense, it was too grave and near a matter for mirth and merriment. It is a joy to me to see you again, lady; and to know that you have reached home in safety, if it be indeed you, my lord."

"Yes, in sooth, Castle Twynham is my home, and Sir Nigel Loring my father. I should have told you so this morning; but you said that you were coming thither, so I bethought me that I might hold it back as a surprise to you. Oh, dear, but it was brave to see you!" she cried, bursting out a laughing once more, and standing with her hand pressed to her side and her half-closed eyes twinkling with amusement. "You drew back and came forward with your eyes upon my book there, like the mouse who sniffs the cheese and yet dreads the trap."

"That I should," said Alleyne, "that I should have touched it!"

"Nay, it warmed my very heart to see it. So glad was I that I laughed for very pleasure. My fine preacher can himself be tempted then, thought I; he is no made of another clay to the rest of us."

"God help me, I am the weakest of the weak," said Alleyne. "I pray that I may have more strength."

"And to what end?" she asked sharply. "If you are, as I understand, to shut yourself forever in your cell within the four walls of an abbey, then of what use would it be were your prayer to be answered?"

"The use of my own salvation."

She turned from him with a pretty shrug and wave. "Is that all?" she said. "Then you are no better than Father Christopher and the rest of them. Your own, your own, over your own! My father, as the king's man, and when he rides into the press of fight, he does not think over of the saving of his own poor body; he reckons little enough if he leave it on the field. Why then should you, who are soldiers of the spirit, be ever moping and hiding in cell or in cave, with minds full of your own concerns, while the world goes on its way, and neither sees nor hears you? Were ye all as thoughtless of your own souls as the soldier is of his body, ye would be of more avail to the souls of others."

"There is sooth in what you say, lady," Alleyne answered. "And yet I scarce can see what you would have the clergy and the church to do."

"I would have them live as others and

out, and the engineers have now decided that an open cut, whose top will be near the summit of the mountain, will have to be made for some distance at the north entrance to the tunnel, and it is possible that similar means of overcoming difficulties will have to be employed at the southern entrance. The cost of the work thus far has been far greater than that estimated for the completed tunnel.

THE TIDEWATER ROAD.

There is still much talk in the Southwest of the Tidewater Railroad, which, it is reported, will eventually be built from the coal fields to tidewater. A year ago I was much interested in the report, but was not able to confirm a single statement made concerning the intentions of the company. This year the same reports were in circulation, but I could not take the same interest in them. They were too old, and little more seemed to have been done by the capitalists alleged to be behind the enterprise than had been done twelve months ago. It is said that a route has been located from deep water on the Chesapeake and Ohio in West Virginia to a point not far from Portsmouth, in Virginia. I have heard it said in Washington that the road would certainly come to Quantico, formerly the northern terminus of the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac on the Potomac. It has been claimed by others that Newport News would be the deep-water terminus of the road. The Southwest Virginia people claim that the road will come into this State in Giles county and run through Montgomery, Shenandoah, Franklin, Campbell and so on, Southampton county people claim to be able to see the smoke of the locomotives and hear the shriek of the whistle. There is no doubt that engineer parties have located a line for the greater part of the road before. The formation encountered had been of the most difficult character. There have been repeated breaks and slides. Hundreds of thousands of cubic yards of rock and earth have been taken

do men's work in the world, preaching by their lives rather than their words. I would have them come forth from their lonely places, mix with the bore folk, feel the pains and the pleasures, the cares and the rewards, the temptings and the stirrings of the common people. Let them toil and swink, and labor, and plough the land, and take wives to themselves. "Alas! alas!" cried Alleyne aghast, "you have surely sucked this poison from the man, Wolffe, of whom I have heard such evil things."

"Nay, I know him not. I have learned it by looking from my own chamber window and marking these poor monks of the priory, their weary life, their profitless round. I have asked myself if the best which can be done with virtue is to shut it within high walls as though it were some savage creature. If the good will look themselves up, and if the wicked will still wander free, then alas for the world!"

Alleyne looked at her in astonishment, for her cheek was flushed, her eyes gleaming, and her whole pose full of eloquence and conviction. Yet in an instant she had changed again to her old expression of morriment leavened with mischief.

"What do what I ask?" said she. "What is it, lady?"

"Oh, most ungrateful clerk! A true knight would never have asked, but would have vowed upon the instant. 'Tis but to bear me out in what I say to my father."

"In what?"

"In saying, if he ask, that it was south of the Christ Church Road that I met you. I shall be shut up with the three women else, and have a week of spindle and bodkin, when I would fain be galloping Troubadour up Wilyerly Walk, or looking little Roland at the Vinney Ridge herons."

"I shall not answer him if he ask."

"Not answer? But he will have an answer. Nay, but you must not fail me, or it will go ill with me."

"But, lady," cried poor Alleyne in great distress, "how can I say that it was to the south of the road when I know well that it was four miles to the north?"

"You will not say it?"

"Surely you will not, too, when you know that it is not so?"

"Oh, I weary of your preaching!" she cried, and swept away with a toss of her beautiful head, leaving Alleyne as cast down and abashed as though he had himself proposed some infamous thing. She was back again in an instant, however, in another of her varying moods.

"Look at that, my friend!" said she. "If you had been shut up in abbey or in cell this day you could not have taught a wayward maiden to abide by the truth. Is it not so? What avail is the shepherd if he leave his sheep?"

"A sorry shepherd!" said Alleyne humbly. "But here is your noble father."

"To be Continued To-morrow."

and Rye Valley Railway, which Colonel George W. Miles built from Marion over into the Rye Valley, a distance of about thirty miles. The road penetrates a virgin country, rich in resources of coal and timber. The recently completed road from Christiansburg to Blacksburg, a distance of twenty-two miles, may be built by the Norfolk and Western, the still in the control of the company built it, headed by J. W. Payson, of Richmond, who has built so many railways in Virginia.

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There are as many fat west Virginia this season there has been a fall in last year. The price was summer for months before the farmers to make the it went down a month or sums realized by the catt year are not so good as ceived last. Still, there is plaint or fear of serious bison in the Southwest.

The farmers in Southwest ceeded in greatly interest subject of alfalfa. The wonderful growth of the rich bluegrass lands are had a farmer of Wythe county had dug up alfalfa roots measuring six feet in length he had not reached the end of he stopped digging. The Government is in the exper making with the grass, and the point where he believes prior to the celebrated b Southwest Virginia, which to that of Kentucky in fatties. Governor Tyler showed other day alfalfa from twelve inches high, though the field mowed only twelve days before growth of an inch a day is hard by any other field grass. had already been mowed three season and will soon be ready for mowing. The yield was a ton or the acre at each mowing, making yield of four tons to the acre, seven greater than that from any other "I should not be surprised," said Governor, "to see Bluegrass Virginia some day."

Governor Tyler is deeply interested in the Radford fair, which is to be held on October 18th-22d. This fair has been one of the finest in the State, and at one time it had little competition. The fat cattle exhibit year, as in preceding years, will be fine and the sale of thoroughbreds, which is a feature of one day every year, will be largely attended. A horse show has been added this year, and some of the horses and riders which have been seen at all the Virginia horse shows will be at Radford this year. It is said that the exhibition this year will be in many ways the best in the history of the association.

TYLER IN POLITICS.

Governor Tyler is not taking a re-leave part in politics these days. The Ninth District Democratic Committee has asked him to make some speeches for Mr. Wyser in this campaign, but he has not yet accepted. He may do so, though it is not likely that he will take any great part in the canvass, though he and Mr. Wyser are warm friends. The ex-Governor has his hands full of business all the year. But he is not out of politics. He has a close watch on developments in the political field, and it is not beyond the bounds of the possible that he will shy his castor into the arena some day. I do not think he contemplates running for the Senate against Senator Harrison. He has now declared for either Senator or Governor Montague. He may not announce his choice. I could not induce him to discuss the subject for publication, but I believe he will eventually make a statement declaring his preference as between the two candidates for the United States Senate.

And some day Major Tyler, as his friends and neighbors all call him, may tire of the comforts of home, of his blue grass farms, his fat cattle, the independence and the quiet of farm life, the green fields and the blue mountains of the beautiful Southwest Virginia, and long to enter the field of politics again. When he does, if he should make the decision to give up all these, he will be a factor of which other seekers after honors will have to take account.